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FROM THE NATIONAL ATLAS.

TWILIGHT HOUR.

I love the hour of twilight grey,—
Then sound my heart, sweet visions play,
And scenes of former days arise,
And gentle thoughts possess my soul,
Freed for awhile from care's controul,
And memory breathes her tenderest sighs.

I love thee! stilly pensive hour,
So sweetly soothing is thy power,
It throws around a bland repose
That can at times a charm impart,
To hush the sorrows of the heart
And chase awhile its sharpest woes.

I love, when eve's last lingering ray,
Has faded in the west away
And the broad shadows deepen fast;
And the soft murmur of the breeze
Steals faintly whisp'ring thro' the trees,
To muse alone on all the past.

Oh! then I love to think of thee
As tho' thou still wert lent to me,
Dear treasure of my lonely heart;
And trace again those blissful hours
When life was strewn with fairest flowers,
Ere Heaven decreed that we must part.

And oft I love to watch, each star
That shoots its radiance from afar,
And think, perhaps thy home may be
Amid those brilliant orbs so fair,
And tho' a blessed spirit there
That thou mayest still remember me.

And much I love at that mild hour,
While memory wakes with thrilling power
Each fond remembrance in my breast,
So fancy thee a seraph near
Hov'ring around with guardian care
To soothe my every grief to rest.

I love to think how sweet 'twill be
To meet thee in Eternity,
When all my trials here are o'er;
And greet thee with an angel's love
And be thine own again above
Where joys shall last forever more. E.W.

(From the Gift for 1837.)

THE NAMELESS ONE.

A Tale of Florence.

BY ALEXANDER DIMITRY, A. M.

Chy. Shall we redeem 'em if we set our houses?
Emp. Yes, fairly.
Chy. That at my *Villa* ——
Emp. At it ——— 'Tis mine!
Chy. Then, farewell, fig-trees! for I ne'er can redeem them—
Sir, will you please another throw with me?
Emp. Why, then, have it fairly—the last stake? 'Tis mine!

Valentinian, a Tragedy.

It had been a custom, time out of mind, in his family;—tables were set, each Friday night, in the principal hall in the palace—and by the glare of a Venitian chandelier, amid an almost monastic silence, the company gave themselves up to the wild frenzy of play. Politics—what is politics in an enslaved nation?—were strictly excluded from the noble conclave; and religion was no more thought of than if there had been no Pope in the eternal city. Gaming was the chief source of diversion, and supplied every other species of amusement. It was, therefore, a Friday night. For more than two hours, the ears of the guests had been feasted with the rustling of cards—a game lately invented to while away the idlest hours of the seventh Charles of France,—when Robert Vivaldi, the munificent host of the Vivaldi palace, suddenly left a group of ladies, with whom he had been engaged in conversation, and took a seat at a table, covered with heaps of gold, and rolls of notes of the Bank of Genoa, recently called into existence to relieve the shattered finances of the republic, wasted by long and murderous wars against the infidel.

'Vivaldi,' said the youthful heir of the princely fortunes of the house of Bracciano, 'stake five hundred pistoles with me;—I am not in the vein—I have been losing all night. This is the last stake, and may turn the luck.' And the five hundred pistoles were spread on the cloth. In two turns of the cards, Vivaldi's and Bracciano's pistoles passed to the heaps which were fast increasing before the successful *ponto*. Bracciano rose from his seat and very graciously offered it to Vivaldi. The latter accepted, and his first stake was of two thousand sequins.

'Doria,' said he to the winning adversary, let's see how far fortune will favor thee! Thou art more lucky at cards than a woman. 'Tis an old saw of our native land thou knowest!'

'Vivaldi,' answered the person to whom this speech was addressed, as he was dealing the cards, 'it is nowise generous to remind me *now*, that thou art to wed with my fair cousin, Aglaura Calvacati, in a few days. She smiles on thy suit—and 'tis well! Ye are handplighted—'tis better still! Yet, clubs, and follow *this* suit, an if it please thee.'

'I sought not to wound thy feelings, our right noble cousin, that art to be; but I have no clubs.'

'Then I have won; five cards of the same suit!' said Doria, throwing the hand on the table.

'The two thousand sequins are thine! I stake twenty thousand;—'tis about the value of the ear-rings I intend buying for Aglaura's bridal day.'

'How, Vivaldi! Still harping on Aglaura! Ha, the king! The cards are mine; show thy hand.—Again worsted, Vivaldi—wilt give up to me now?'

'*Corpo di Bacco*, no! It is not my wont when I lose;—a Vivaldi never shrunk before so pitiful a check of fortune. Fifty thousand!'

'A heavy stake! too heavy, perchance but thou art a noble adversary, Vivaldi, and a free-handed, that deservest the smiles of fortune. Fifty thousand let it be!'

The heavy play attracted the attention of the other players: male and female rose simultaneously, and stood round Doria and Vivaldi, in deep silence and anxiety. It was a scene worthy of the dark-tinted brush of Salvator; and there was fascination in that picturesque group, bent in thrilling interest over the players, overtopped by the ancestral statues, looking grimly, in marble sternness, on the deed.

'It had been wrong in you, Signor Doria,' said Vivaldi, changing his tones and manner, 'to have hung on the stake. Are you yet to learn my palace outprices yours—my *villa* of Camaldoli your vines of Carrara—and that Vivaldi's name weighs as powerfully as the proudest Doria's?'

'Passion and ill luck must not blind you, Signor di Vivalde, as to the meaning of my words; and, above all, as to the meaning of my silence. Reflection will tell you that fifty thousand sequins are a heavy stake, now that the Imperialists are wasting our fair Italy, and that trinket cost twenty thousand sequins.'

'Methinks you mock me, Sir Knight?'

'No, Sir Robert Vivaldi; I do but win your sequins—the fifty thousand are mine.'

'Ay! but my lands of the Camaldoli may well stand for two hundred thousand—and the title deeds are free and unhampered.'

'Well, have at the lands of the Camaldoli;—but softly! I pray who shall warrant me that the Black Bands are not there already! Who knows but, at this moment, their horses are browsing at your gate—the Reiters swilling your wines—and the Landsknechts marauding on your grounds? Do you answer for them in case of previous occupation?'

'I do—for all bate, scath and damage; but play on.'

'Have you any water, at Camaldoli, on your lands?'

'The Tiber runs over my fields. You may poison the whole Campagna Romana, if such should be your whim; but play on, I say.'

'Are the sites shady? have you any statues in the park? any perspectives? I am passionately fond of perspectives.'

'Yes, each and all of these, with stocks and gibbets for my vassal, to boot—for I hold the right of justice, high and low over them. Are you ambitious in the exercise of that right? If so——but, in the devil's name, play on!'

'Are those vassals of yours—the *contadini*, I mean—handsome! Boast any of them the freshness and beauty of Aglaura?'

'Ha!' said Vivaldi, blenching and quivering with rising passion; 'a truce to this ribaldry, Doria, or by the bones of my noble sire'—and his hand sought the guard of his rapier.

'Nay never grasp your sword, man!' said Doria; 'everything is said between us, and I play two hundred thousand sequins against the villa of the Camaldoli.'

'Ay! a thousand times, ay!'

Hearts!'
'Have at hearts.'
'Hearts!'
'Have at them again.'
'Hearts!'
'Hell and Satan! I have none.'
'Hearts!'
'Play on.'
'Hearts!'
'None.'
'Camaldoli is mine!'

'Oh, but these are infamous cards! The foul fiend himself hath kneaded them into paper—and his own baleful fires colored to my undoing!—I beg you, ladies, to excuse this burst of feeling;—but indeed no one could be more scurvily treated by fate. I am really ashamed of myself; for, after all, 'tis but a paltry two hundred thousand; and I am proud to yield to the loss. Have ye been as luckless as I to-night! I should be sorry to hear it.—But I cry you forgiveness, Sir Knight; I had forgotten that Camaldoli is yours. My steward shall hand you over the titles; but, I do beseech you, be so kind as to invite the young ladies sometimes.—Curses on my frowning star. Hearts th oughout—a sequence of five hearts!'

'It will be a happy day to me, Sir Vivaldi, when the ladies shall honor *my* villa with their goodly company,—and you, yourself, whenever it may so list you to come and spend a fortnight——'

'Enough—but will you so soon clip the wings of victory? You have the *villa*, but this place is still mine. After the Pitti, you know, 'tis the admiration of all strangers and virtuosi. Marbles and vases—paintings and medals—for something like a half million. I'll give you another chance.'

'Which I most heartily accept.'

'How much will you stake against it?'

'Whatever you may please to say.'

'No—I would rather you would speak.'

'Do you speak; I am the winner.'

'Double or quits, then'—what you have already won against the palace. Does it not seem to you, Sir Doria,' said Vivaldi, as the cards went round, 'that the lamps burn dimly?'

'Tis but the tiring of the eye;—shall we take breathing time?'

'By no means! but it seemed to me the lights grew pale. For the last five minutes the color of my cards—red, black, and white—have been dancing beneath my eye, and I can scarcely read their value. Your say, Doria.'

Doria spoke not, but played. In three turns, fate which had laid its clutch on Vivaldi, decided its utter ruin. Without a change of feature—a breath of emotion, he laid the golden key of the palace on the cloth, and calmly passed through the crowd, who stood mute and appalled spectators of the work of madness, which left him moneyless and houseless. None dared even address one word of condolence. Yet he traced his steps to the fatal table. What could he play for now? He went up to Doria and whispered him for a few moments with marked agitation. The latter made an affirming sign—the cards were resumed and dealt, and again dealt to the ruin of the victim.

'Are you the arch one!' shouted Vivaldi, striking his dagger—a splendid and jewelled bellini—through the scattered pack. 'Are you the devil, or leagued with him to win at every turn?'

'Neither, Signor Vivaldi; I prove the contrary—for the devil, they say, loves not women; and these cards have won your betrothed from your arms!'

'Doria, the devil damn thee for a dastard, for saying so!'

'And thou, Vivaldi, a hundred-fold a dastard be thou for staking her on a card!'

'Aglaura, his bride! the only scion of the time honored branch of the Calvacati, staked on a card: *Madonna Purissima!*' shrieked the bridal dames. 'Oh! that we should have lived to see the eagle of Germany hovering over *il Duomo*, and a felon knight sport away the noble daughter of a princely house!'

But Vivaldi seemed not to heed their frowns.—The one absorbing and devouring passion, ministered unto by despair, was fearfully busy at his heart. His hand released its hold of the rapier's hilt, which he had grasped when Doria threw back the dastard to him—and his voice came forthwith a lessening sound as he said—

'Silence! listen to me Doria. The vile dross of earth and a gem of purest ray, have I lost this night. But another treasure—an untouched, priceless treasure—have I yet to give to chance and to thee. I Francesco Roberto Vivaldi, linked with the most illustrious and princely strains of Italy—I, who claim ancestry with a governor of Trieste, a victor of Lepanto, and two doges of Venice—I, whose blood flows with the blood of the Magnates and Gonfaloiners of Florence—I repeat it, I Francesco Roberto Vivaldi, lord of Camaldoli and knight of the Holy Ghost, do play my name against thee!'

'His name!' shouted the knights and barons, princes and dukes, and Doria among the rest, with a peal of laughter. 'His name!'

'Ay a name! 'Tis well worth, I presume,' said he smiling bitterly, 'a few thousand acres of vines in Carrara; and the glory that haloes it, I tell thee, Giuseppe Doria, is not to be bought by any sum which thou may'st command. I stake that name and if I lose, by the memory of my sainted mother, I swear that never shall Vivaldi answer it again.—'Tis inscribed in the book of life—written in gold in the registry of Venice—stamped in all the chivalric memories of Etruria. Well! let me lose it—and be it thenceforth erased from all human record and human recollection.

'A name!—is it meet that I should explain it to you, Sir Knights, who bear names, and proud ones too!—'Tis the social right vested by the Church, under the consecration of God himself;—'tis the first and earliest blessing of our forefathers—a symbol of their well-earned glory in after life, and the historical patrimony of the part which they have entered in the drama of the world;—'tis the chain which connects the past with the present—the present with the future—the link that binds the mouldering with the living, and the living with the coming generations;—'tis the sacred *majority* of blood—the concentrated virtue of a race, and its hereditary talisman against the touch of oblivion. The slave has no name, but that which he holds from the will of his master—the bastard, but the one which he claims from the pity of the world.—Be it a gift of heaven, or an alms of society, 'tis still the magic cement, without which all the successive deeds of a beings's life would dwindle away like the vile dust, which the winds sweep from your streets. A man's name—one of those that are embalmed in memory—it never falls upon the ear but it suddenly calls forth the living page of his story, and points to the living proof of his identity of evil or good, of virtue or of crime. 'Tis our number in the roll of life, to which, when called we must answer 'here!' Forget it—lose your right of answer, and every other right is equally lost.—The protection of the laws is but a dead letter to you—your life is a cheat—a lie—a usurpation—something that weighs uselessly, fraudulently on the face of the earth. You are the *paria* of society, from the hour that society hath no name to give you. Besides, not only is the human species continued through the virtue of a name—not only does it pass from the ancestor to the descendant, who transmits it to his posterity, but it is also carried to the day of doom, when time shall make room for eternity—space melt into infinity—and the archangel summon humanity from the grave.—Even there a name is the key of heaven and of hell—and should I lose mine, I should remain deaf to the archangel's voice, and be lost even to Satan himself;—the tomb will not yawn and heave me in upper air to meet the doom of God. Think well on it;—the whole of creation is in a name. Wipe away the sacrament of baptism; destroy the record of a name, and there is no history, no society, no futurity. The past becomes a dream—the world a chaos;—paradise is closed—damnation repels and nothingness ingulfs us. A man's name is his life-blood and his soul. Many have bargained it to the arch enemy; mine will do worse, and suicide itself. 'Tis the only property, the title of which is indelibly stamped by Christ on the brow of man. That property—right and title—I play against you, Doria! What do you value it at!'

'So strange is your proposal, Vivaldi, that I know not how to meet it. As you have done to-night, money, palaces, kingdoms—even women—have been played for;—but a name!'

'Strange, or not strange—the question is not, whether the ware be precious or not; but whether it have a price. My name is that ware.'

'Allow me, Vivaldi, I know the use to which I destine the wealth you have lost—and the woman whom I have lawfully reconquered; but what shall I do with your name should I win it?'

'Is it nothing to compel me within the eternal damnation which I court in the sight of God? Nothing to underlie the scorn of man—the load of mockery to which I am self-doomed until the day that shall enable me to redeem that name? For, have I not said it? By all that's holy and awful in heaven, I swear never to bear or breathe that name! More—if I lose, it shall fall beedless on my ear nor find an echo on my lips to answer its call—Again I say, my name is my soul—and that I'll play for with you.'

'Indeed, Francesco, were it not for the violence of your speech, and the extent of your losses—were it not for the hope of giving you a chance of recovery—I would not deem myself bound to answer the madness of your infernal defiance.'

'You're a casuist, and I thank you for your kind scruples. But will you play or will you not! Once for all, what do you value my name at?'

'Too highly to set a price on it. If I win, I shall keep and wear it; if I lose, you shall tell me its worth.'

'Sit down, then, in God's name!' and he signed himself with the sign of the cross—'Mockery!'

While the cards were shuffling, the horror-stricken guests left the room, with one spontaneous movement; and the gamesters remained alone in the solemn immensity of the gorgeous hall. It was now twelve o'clock, and the candlebras emitted fitful flaws of flickering light, in the mistiness of which were lost the frescoed pannels, the iron statues, and the storied arras. On the right and left—on all sides—within the frame of the tall mirrors, forming a fantastic combination of countless heads, were reflected the wild and haggard features of the gamblers, intently crouching over the green cloth. The corresponding motions of their bodies, in the glasses, imaged a sacrilegious conclave, bent on a satanic deed; while the stillness of the night was occasionally relieved by the whisperings of the wind, the stirring of the leaves, and the rustling of the curtains, trembling before the opened casements, and flinging their vague shadow on a clump of trees, whose copes peered above the balcony—the mute inanimate and dark witnesses of a darker scene within! And on that fearful silence broke a wild and signal cry—

'I am damned!'—and a man left the city of Florence through San Gallo's gate.

* * * * *

'Twas on the break of day; and the morning twilight already harbingered the rising of the sun. From the gentle eminence on which the man stood, the country laid all around him like a world of vapors—the shadows of a dream. Ever and anon, flying or stationary, the bluish mists of morning brooded like a cowl, over the plain. Vaguely defined palaces, waving trees, and towering belfries cut off from the soil by the exhalations of the dews, seemed to rest on a ground of clouds, tinged by the faint blushes of the early light. But for the Palladian edifices—the work of superhuman art—the scene recalled the idea of the freshness and beauty of the unwrinkled world, springing from the darkness and confusion of chaos. Every object was waving in the distance:—baseless steeples and turrets—votive chapels and arrowy spires seemed gracely to dance, in the haze, to the warning sound of the morning Angelus. The foot of the hill was shrouded in a mass of thin fogs, extending to the far-off horizon, in one unbroken circle, dotted here and there, by clusters of poplars and larches. The murmurs of the breeze came redolent and perfume from the emanations of the wild rose bush and the mountain thyme; while its voice spoke joyfully the melodies of nature abroad. Even in so holy and lovely a spot did the arch enemy tempt the Saviour of our kind. But *he* had nothing—not even a name—to give to Satan as a badge of the infernal covenant. Leaning against a withered tree, scathed by the lightning of heaven—an emblem of himself—a thing without a name—he buried his face in his hands and wept like a child.

'Oh, my villa of Camaldoli, and its fruits, so rich and luscious that they graced the Pope's table alone—and my marble palace, with its hoards of science and art—Aglaura, my plighted one, with her passing beauties—and my name, my own good patrician name—all gone, and I am nothing! That I could, with my trusty blade, but snatch it from thee, Doria, again to clothe myself with its glories—trace it on the sand, though 'twere swept away the moment after—or even whisper it in my solitude and gloom! Away—no more, no more! When I played it off, I stripped myself of the right of bearing it again. The laws of gambling have deprived me of that right, and debts of honor are as sacred as the relics of San Pietra. The Pope himself hath no power over them. And, besides, have I not lost it in the eyes of the world? Will they not compel me to remain under the power of a wilful compact—the yoke of freely incurred chance? The world! They, no doubt, despise me! They forswore the apostate who has forsworn himself. I am viler in their eyes than the vilest Pagan. I have knowingly tempted God, and committed a sacrilege. My lust of gold has bartered away the immortal part of myself—the only thing of me that could not die and rot away with the flesh that wraps me. I have broken the alliance with my patron saint—my tutelar angel—my special guardian on earth and daily advocate in heaven. And if, in his ignorance, the child, with his soft voice, should prattle the mysterious syllables—to start at the sound were a disloyal act—to understand him a theft—to answer him a crime. Wo's me, in this world and in the next! The fiends themselves will shrink from my fellowship; for they, too, have a name in God's creation, and Satan is called Satan!'

Morning was now lining the verge of the horizon with its purple tints. The city of Florence began to loom through the brighter atmosphere. From the height on which he stood, he could easily distinguish the mass of monuments which grace *Firenze la Superba*, the city of poets and painters—of warriors and statesmen. With the return of light, the hum of the living floated over the city, and the keen shiverings of the blast brought to his ear the clang of trumpets, pealing their *reveillee* to the sleepers of the barracks. There he stood—like the god Terminus of his native land—leaning against the sapless tree, and wistfully gazing on the girl of the Appenines, merrily tripping to the market of San Lorenzo. The pyramids of fruit—the baskets of flowers—the dark, flashing eye of the *vilanelli*—the glossy ringlets, sporting about their cheeks—the gay carol of their mountain *quicharello*—the passing prayer, before the cross-stone, for a propitious market—these, and a hundred other causes, poured balm on the desolation of his heart. He addressed one of the girls, and smiling on her artless face, was about purchasing some of her flowers, when he heard—

'Sir Knight, if you buy a rose of Nina, you must take a pink from Marta, a stem of jessamine from Gloria, and a bunch of heart's-ease from Luigina; for Marta, Gloria and Luigina are my sisters, please you,' said Nina, courtesying to the Nameless.

'Hell and malediction! They all have a name, and are but vassals—the children of soil-bound hinds!'—and he rushed down the vale, like a madman, shouting—'Nina, Marta, Gloria, Luigina! And I—but yesterday the lord of a hundred serfs—nothing—no name!'

In his wanderings he reached the monastry of the *Frati Minori*, and knocked at the gate. One of the brothers thrust his head out of the wicket-door, and inquired his wish.

'*Frate*,' said he, 'I want to be baptised!'

'You are an early stirrer in the cause.'

'Eternal salvation urges me!'

'What is your creed! Are you of the Giudecca?'

'No!'

'Are you a Pagan Turk?'

'No!'

'A Manichean—a heretic of Germany—a Lutheran, Calvinist, or Zuinglian?'

'No, no, no! I was born in the bosom of the holy catholic, apostolic and Roman church!'

'What more would you have, then?'

'I would be baptized a second time.'

'It may not be—'tis forbidden by the council of Trebizond—the *Decretaliai Clementina*, and the bull: *Relapsi ne iterum baptizentur*.'

'But I have lost my name!'

'Find it again. The Angelus has just tolled—the *campaniere* calls the brotherhood to mass.—God help you!' and the monk closed the abbey-door on him.

'Am I, then, refused baptism? Divine mercy! Am I, then, no longer a Christian—a child of God? No, holy and awful eucharist—no Christmas festival, Easter, nor Pentecost! No blest tapir to the *Madonna di Loretto*, when I shall be sick! No priestly prayers to soothe the wringing of my lone death-bed! Oh, Viv——' and the word died on his lips.

As he entered a village—depending on the manor of his sister, the duchess di Paglia—the curate said—

'God save you, Signor Roberto Vivaldi!'

His old nurse, looking out of the window of her lodge, cried at the top of her treble—

'The good day, and a blessing to thee, Vivaldi, *figlio mio*!'

The villager, standing on the threshold of his door, greeted him as he passed, with his—

'Welcome to Paglia, noble Lord Vivaldi!'

But he made no answer to priest, nurse or villager. He entered his sister's palace, and as he strode in silent despair through the hall, the menials shrunk from the marble paleness of his cheek, and the stony madness of his eye. Appalled by the distortion of his features, his sister clung to him, and inquired, with all the pertinacity of woman's devotedness, what had befallen him. He sunk into a chair, but no answer came from his lips. A nephew, whom he loved with almost parental fondness, ran into his arms and lisped—

'We've been waiting two days for thee, uncle Costa!'

'Filippino, dear,' said the mother, 'this isn't uncle Costa.'

'Tis cousin Cardoni then!'

'No, not cousin Cardoni, either.'

'Tis——but I'll ask him, sha'n't I, mamma! Tell me, uncle, tell me thy name, and Fillippino will love thee!'

But he rose abruptly—hurled the child from his side, and rushed out of the palace. Neither peace nor rest did he know from that hour; utter, unassuaged despair clung to him wherever he went.—The vassal, as he passed by, muttered to himself—"He is less than I:—I am the slave, but he, he is the bastard of society. The very beggar spurned his charities with disdain—'For,' said he, whom shall I kneel and pray for before the shrine of our Lady of the Seven Woes?' The bandit, proud of a bloody name, trumpeted to the multitude by the voice of the executioner—walked to the scaffold, with a scornful smile, as he met the Nameless One—'For,' said he, too, 'he who would kill that shadow of a man, would but complete his suicide, and his murderer could not even be brought to justice.' There were no sacraments for him—no incense—no blessing—no offices of the dead—no indulgences, no paradise—no purgatory—no hell. The souls in limbo—the germs of creation, stifled in her growth—the very abortions of nature—undergo the law of original sin, and have a dwelling-place assigned them; yet he, full of vigor and of life, he had none! The thought crossed his mind, one day, that could he but command hoards of gold, Doria might take them for a name which availed him nothing. It came over him like an aspiration of heaven—a ray of hope to the doomed. He sought out a horde of those whose business is to level property and equalize the wealth of society. And a good idea it certainly was. His own native Italy was settled by robbers; and the first stones of Rome's foundations were cemented by the blood of fratricide. Conquest is but an embellishment and a consecration of theft. The world belongs to the daring, and God is with the strong; the rod of power is held out to the fearless—*e la mano la piu scaltra la raccoglie*.—With these feelings he went among the bandits of the Appenines.

'Who art thou?' was the first question.

'A foe to mankind.'

'Then art thou *our* friend. What would'st have?'

'Carry ruin and desolation in the midst of peace and happiness—live the life of the highway and the forest—wait for my prey in the tangles of the woods—follow you to the pillage, and, if so be, to the scaffold; win gold with the daring of the outlaw; and, after having poured out the blood of the victim, cut my daily bread with my dagger's blade.'

'What next?'

'I wish to be a terror and a scourge to man; be called the lion, the tiger, the incendiary—whatever ye may please, so I but earn the baptism of daring and crime.'

'Thou shalt have it. What is thy name?'

'*My* name!'

'Ah, *thy* name! Does it wonder thee? Why I, who am now speaking, I am *Il Terrible*; but St. Anthony is my patron, because I am called Antonio. My lieutenant, yon sweet bird of the gibbet, over there, is *Il Terremoto*; but his name is Michael, and he calls one St. Michael in his hour of need. Before thou can'st be a robber and a true man, thou must give us thy name, and tell us the saint whom thou worshipest.'

'Saint, I worship no longer.'

'Thou may'st not be one of us—'twould bring down the curse of heaven on our gang; and the saints would frown on us if we received thee.—Away, then, and leave the cave;—thou hast no name to be called by—no saint to call upon!'

He left the cave, and directed his steps to the city. Within the walls, one of the most daring bandits of the Abbruzzi was breaking alive on the wheel. He had already received the ten legal blows—the eleventh—the last, the complement of human kindness and human justice, the blow of mercy—was still withheld; and the executioner was conversing with the ministering friar, for the Nameless One neared the scaffold and asked the culprit for what crime he suffered.

'Seignor,' said he, in the reckless manner which had characterized his conduct during the execution, 'my time is but short—I suffer *rather* acutely—and what you wish to know is somewhat long and intricate. It may as well be told, however. I had friends, who went about hawking the exhibition—my son played the mantle and I acted the saint,—that is to say, I had no match in the country to snip a necklace of pearls from the holy Virgin, and sleight off the diamonds, which no ways became the fingers of San Roch, seeing he always was an humble and lowly-minded saint. One day—I can't help laughing; in spite of my shattered limbs—I whipped off the chalice from the altar, at the very moment of consecration, and carried it to the next tavern, full of Lachrymæ Christi, as it was and emptied it, with my *bella* and comrades, to the successful day. You have, maybe, heard of La Pinta? She was my love—a sublime, magnificent creature, when the juice of Orvieto fired her Neapolitan blood and blasphemy stood howling on her coral lips. *Poverina*! she is dead now—an awkward ball from one of the Sbirri's carbines, about the Pontine marshes, sent her to her reckoning—and I am now going to join her. Signore, *lei mi fara la finezza*—the hangman is waiting, and you will please to excuse me.'

'Well, but listen to me; dost thou believe in God?'

'Sometimes—it depends entirely——'

'Dost thou believe in baptism?'

'No more than I believe in the courage of the brigadreri; not the least in the world.'

'Then thou shalt go into everlasting damnation!'

'*E sicuro*?' replied the wretch with a hyena laugh, 'I have been working for it ever since I rifled the shrine of San Genaro, and filched the diadem off the head of Santa Orsola di Bologna,—at least so says yon fat, praying monk, who has been spitting Latin at me, by way of a salve for my broken bones and bleeding flesh.'

'Since thou believest not in baptism, sell me thy name, then.'

'What! sell you my name? *Sagratacció!* And what can I do with the money *now*?'

'Not so much for the money. Do but sell me thy name, and thou wilt no more go into perdition than into bliss. All shall be smooth for thee hereafter; as if God's angels had interceded for thee—and thou had'st never been created and sent into the world.'

'Indeed! *Dove diavolo*, have you learned——!'

'Thou shalt be dead to the devil, who shall call for thee in vain, from among the countless host of his chosen.'

'Thanks for the promise. But I am on fair terms with the gentleman. Friars and nuns have I killed by the dozen; I roasted a cardinal, in his own palace, as he was feasting with his *buona roba*; and compelled the holy Bishop of Viterbio, with my good Milan blade to his throat, to drain a flagon of Monte Fiascone, and swallow a fat ham on Good Friday. There will be ringing of bells in the place when I call at the gates: for there have I sent many a murmur of a priest, dyed in damnable sin, to tell of my coming! Now, if it please you, friar, drive this babbler away; and, executioner, do thou thy duty, and quickly too.'

Despairing of even being able to borrow a name from an ignomious scaffold, he wandered all day about the city. And great was his grief when he learned that a friend of his, whom he had served as a second in a duel, had been tried, condemned, and executed through the influence of a powerful family; and he could not go before the tribunal and acquit his memory, at least, by his declaration that everything had been done according to the laws of honour, because he had no character, no name, and stood the outlaw of society. He wished to leave Italy for Germany, and he asked for a passport at the frontiers. As no one could answer for his identity showing no name to make it good—he was tracked as a smuggler, a galley-slave, a fugitive from justice. A short time afterwards, he learned that Doria no longer went into the world by his family appellation, but bore his own lost patrician name—linked with dishonorable debts—fastened to the hurdle of an infamous reputation—disgraced in the eyes of all high thoughted men. Thus had that name of his, beautiful in its Gothic and not inglorious dust, been dragged forth and attenuated in some scandalous lawsuit. It had been blazoned throughout Italy—written in an attainting judgment and posted on the four corners of Tuscany, connected with a fraudulent bankruptcy. That name had been spent in debauchery—thrown out of manly repute—and dragged through the sewers of Florence. Venice had long erased it from the golden book, as an oversight of a copyist. In a tavern, in Leghorn, he learned from a Dutch skipper, that Doria was a counterfeiter, who escaped from the bagnios of Cattaro, to which he had been sentenced for five years, for slipping a card in an assembly of right reverend and wealthy prelates. And the damning conviction flashed across his mind, that the same process had stripped him of his palace, his mistress, and his name. And yet, stained and degraded as it was, he would have given the last fragment of life to redeem it from Doria. At last he understood that that very life was a contradiction—that nothing belonged to him, and that he belonged to nothing—that in throwing away his name, he had thrown away something more than existence—the mere common-stock property of the herd—that every step of his moved a living corpse and a nameless thing through the world; and that he was violating the tomb, from the moment that he had lost the right of life with the right of his name.

Goaded by one continuous thought of madness, he wandered night and day on the crests of the high rocks, on the margin of the torrents, the alluring depths of which he measured with a longing eye. Yet the dread of nothingness palsied his determination. He had a faint hold on hope, through life: he dared not kill the latter for fear of killing the former—for he believed strongly that there still could be, even in the midst of the fiery gulf, treasures of hope in the heart of the damned. Now, to quench his soul, abdicate the very wretchedness of life—lose his right of diving into the mysteries of future existence, and of seeing God, as the rest of mankind, though it were through the searing bars of the grates of hell—to be away from the splendours of the consummation of the world—a pageantry promised, from boyhood, to his belief of the separation of the wheat from the chaff, the pure from the impure, the blest from the doomed—these were things which he could not take upon himself to resolve by one wild, frenzied and irrevocable act. He understood that hell itself was comparatively good,—there, at least, the tenants have a habitation, a being, and a life though a habitation of wo, a life of torments, and a being of eternity. Hence he would steal a few minutes of something like hope, from the resolves of despair, in the vain expectation of coming victory over the dark, cheerless, and self-imposed destiny which crushed him to the earth.—He came, at last, to a settled determination; but before following it with execution, he repaired once more to Florence—the city of his birth—the seat of his ancestral glories; for it is characteristic of suicide to summon the buried images of the past; rekindle the ashes of faded joys and withered hopes, before it comes to the great compromise between life and wretchedness, and death and peace.

* * * * *

The street was bright, though deserted. But there he stood, and there stood his palace, sparkling with lights, like some magic creation of the fairy cast. Within its princely halls, golden cups, smiling with the most savoury fruit of Tuscany, were handing round—and fiery drinks, and reeking perfumes. Women made up of silks and brocade, velvet and gold—with the swimming looks, the shameless shoulder, and the naked arm, flinging, as they danced, wimple and veil, bathed in voluptuous dew. And the slight waivings of the scarlet draperies, yielding to the sway of the winds, cast their mimic shadows, like the flames of a conflagration, over the silent street; while, gracefully defined in the mirrors which lined the room, like broken blades in the sunshine of a battlefield, were clustered the heads of dancers, drunk with desire, and glittering with gems. On all sides stood vases of flowers, and lamps that mocked the hues and the softness of the rainbow. Above the din of pleasure, rose the tinkling sound of gold rolling on the tables—joys and shouts, sarcasms and song—the chime of cymbals—the rattle of the tambourines, the braying of trombones—the crash of glasses, and the clatter of plates—the very air was drunk.—Widely opened casements overlooked the balconies, and on the balconies were women, gazing on the stars of heaven; while they gave up their naked charms to the passionate kiss. There were intoxication, mirth, ruin, kisses and loves in the pageant—a very surfeiting of women and perfumes, of music and wine.

'Tis he!—'tis Doria, and Aglaura, too!' exclaimed the Nameless One, as he glared envy and revenge on a couple who flitted across the scene—'he has given her my name, with my lost hoards. Why cannot I go to him and tell him, 'There's gold for thee, Doria, but give me back my name, and let us be even! I feel it here, in my maddening brain—his life is linked with mine. If he go to the confines of earth, when I achieve my ransom, must I not go too! If he be pent in a dungeon—if rivetted to the bench of the galley-slave—if sickness nail him on the alms-house bed, or infamy to the pillory, must I not go to him—bend me to his ear, rattle his chains, or jerk his pallet, and tell him, Lord Doria, here am I come! For life, for death—for heaven, for hell—give me back my name; or, if not mine, give me thine, with its stains and its infamy. Be generous, and claim not a double share of heaven's joys—or rather be selfish, and shrink from a twofold deal of hell's torments.'

And when he had revelled awhile in his despair, he directed his steps to the Arno, and stood on its banks, contemplating the beauties of the night, and inhaling the freshness of the stream, that drifted a world of stars in its course. Drenched with the dew—worn out with lassitude—he was about stretching himself on its banks, when his ear caught the dashing of oars, and the dancing of gondolas, coming towards him, loaded with revellers and musicians. Along the banks a host of menials bore flaming torches, variegated lantherns, and garlands of flowers. The bridal feast had been adjourned to the river. He deemed it the mockery of a dream. This splendour midst the darkness of the night—this tumult midst the stillness of repose, wrought confusion in his feverish brain—and he concealed himself among the reeds, which whispered in the wind. He saw Aglaura, fairer than she ever had been, tottering beneath the weight of finery and gems. When all the groups had entered the wherries, which waited for them on the shore, and passed on, with their stream of music, their torches and their merriment, under the arches of the bridge, which seemed to ingulf them in its very jaws, he, still lurking in his hiding-place, heard two loud shrieks rolling through the calmness of the night. Nearing the spot whence they came, he saw a couple of men in full and precipitate flight. On the ground lay a murdered man. Seizing a lanthern which had been dropped in the flight, and throwing its glare on the face of man, who lay withering like a wounded snake, he knelt down by him and tried to scan his features. He wiped away the bloody froth and sand which bubbled on his lips, lifted the lifeless and prinkled lid, which had dropped over the filmy eye, and exclaimed—

'Good God!—Doria! and dying—for his eye is closed—his lips are ashen, and his veins are black; he is dying, and, with him, my lost name. Doria, my kind Doria! save me, I pray thee, save me from nothingness; give me my name. Hist! what does he say! His voice falters. Speak, dear Doria, speak! what would'st have? Would'st have me die with thee? Well, give it to me still! I will die, if thou requirest my death—but answer me—I adjure thee, answer me!'

'Water! give me water, for pity's sake!'

'The whole river, if thou wilt,—but first my name, my father's name and mine!'

'Oh, for a little water! my lips are shrivelled, and hot iron sears my heart! Who art thou?'

'Who am I? Caitiff, swindler; but give me back my name, and then will I tell thee. Give it me for a drop of water—I'll open thy lips—the Arno flows at my feet—'tis but reaching out my hand. Nothing for nothing. My name, and thou shalt have water, plenty of water. My name, I say!'

'A drop—*one* drop of water—I choke—my tongue is parched!'

'Three words—but *three* words, good Doria—those which I was called on by my sainted mother,—speak them and thou shalt have any thing. Ha! the villain shakes his head—he laughs—he mocks me, and writhes to the stream! By heaven, thou shalt not. Answer me, wretch, or I'll choke one minute of thy life—my name!'

And he shook Doria by the trimmings of his gorgeous dress—bent him over his wandering eye and breathless mouth; then dropped him to the ground, and clasped his hands, blending prayers with blasphemies, words of supplication with howls of rage. There was a minute's silence, and with a stream of blood—

'Water, water, for God's sake!' gurgled out of Doria's throat. 'Dead!'

Then did Vivaldi, with a demon's yell, and a fiendish, godless smile, raise his foot, and bury his heel in the dead man's breast.

'And now, Doria, be thou damned, and thy soul loaded with the curse of the Nameless One!'

On that morning, a fisherman, who was wending his way to Leghorn, heard a heavy plunge in the water. He made for the spot, but saw nothing save a large circle, increasing in its gyrations as it whirled away to either shore. To this day, in the dissecting room of the museum of Florence, the traveller sometimes looks musingly at a shining skeleton, kept in a glass case, and articulated with silver and brass. 'Tis the Nameless One's.

FROM THE NATIONAL ATLAS.

AUTUMN.

What'er the wanton Spring,
When she doth diaper the ground with beauties,
Toils for, comes home to Autumn; Summer sweets,
Either in pasturing her furlongs, reaping
The crop of bread, rip'ning the fruits for food,
Autumn's garners house them, Autumn's jollities
Feed on them: I alone in every land,
Traffic my useful merchandise; gold and jewels,
Lordly possessions are for my commodities
Mortgag'd and sold; I an chief moderator,
Between the cheek-parch'd summer, and th' extremes
Of winter's tedious frost; nay, in myself
I do contain another teeming spring:
Surety of health, prosperity of life
Belongs to Autumn.

Ford and Decker's Sun's Darling.

There is something which the senses recognise, and which affects the heart with tranquillity in this period, just as striking to imagination as it is difficult to express. Nature appears to have exhausted all her energies in ripening the products of the year. A certain listlessness then enervates, and seems to possess the universal principle of things. It is impossible to look around us on this occasion without indulging correspondent sensations. A similar lassitude or relaxation pervades the human frame, tinctures the temper with melancholy, and hushes the heart into a calm. Composure and confidence seem the language or inspiration of the season. For every thing whispers in the sweetest accents, that the world is still under a government peculiarly mild and benign.

Every thing in the whole circle of the year having thus acted its part, the great concluding scene arrives, which realises the hopes of the husbandman, and crowns his labor with success. He has nothing now to apprehend from gnawing insects, noxious dews, parching heats, shaking winds, or rotting rains. Plenty of provision is laid up for man and beast; toil for the present is at an end, and the heart, no longer suspended between the different palpitations of uncertainty and expectation, relaxes into joy.—Thus gratitude, like all other natural propensities, operates sometimes instinctively. For enjoyment uniformly produces an agreeable mixture of transport and vivacity: and every species of gladness that originates from possession, ultimately refer to the GREAT BENEFACTOR of the Universe. In many cases the human heart seems to recognise the bounteous indulgence of Heaven, in the same manner that the vegetable and brute creation do the energy of Nature.—The tender buds, and shoots, and blossoms, which which adorn the fields and woods in spring, are not more spontaneous than such sensations of happiness, as the gratifications of appetite produce in animal, and the completion of desire in national natures. Food to the hungry, and drink to the thirsty, are attended with feelings corresponding, though inferior to those which the discovery of science produces in the speculative, or the accession of new excellence in the moral faculties. And we then act in concert with the general harmony of things, when the genuine ebullitions of a glad heart join the voluntary chorus of Nature, in solemn acknowledgments to that Great and Sovereign Principle of Benignity and Life, on whom we depend for whatever we can wish or enjoy. C. B. B.

From the Natchez Daily Courier.

The spirit of poetry and the spirit of patriotism are always ardent. In the writer of the following lines, they were enthusiastic; and the champion of liberty can hardly fail to experience a thrill on their perusal. CHARLES THEODORE KORNER, an officer in the celebrated "Lutzow Corps of Vengeance," was killed in the sanguinary battle of Leipsic, in August, 1813. A few hours before his death, which took place at the early age of 24, he composed the following lines; well designated

THE SWORD SONG.

Korner—Thou sword upon my belted vest,
What means thy glittering polished crest?
Thou seem'st within my glowing breast
To raise a flame— Hurrah!

Sword—A horseman brave, supports my blade;
The weapon for a freeman made,
For him I'll shine for him I'll wade
Through blood and death—Hurrah!

Korner—Yes, my good sword, behold me free;
I fond affection bear to thee,
As tho' thou wer't betrothed to me;
My earliest bride— Hurrah!

Sword—Soldier of fortune! I am thine,
For thee alone, my blade shall shine,
When, Soldier, shall I call thee mine,
Join'd in the field!— Hurrah!

Korner—Soon as our bridal morn shall rise,
While the shrill trumpet's summon flies,
And the red cannon rends the skies,
We'll join our hands— Hurrah!

Sword—O, sacred union! Haste away,
Ye tardy moments of delay;
I long, my bridegroom, for the day,
To be thy bride— Hurrah!

Korner—Why cling'st thou, in the scabbard, why?
Thou iron fair of Destiny,
So wild, so fond of battle-cry,
Why cling'st thou so?— Hurrah!

Sword—I hold myself in dread reserve,
Fierce, fond in battle field to serve,
The cause of freedom to preserve,
For this I wait— Hurrah!

Korner—Rest—still in narrow compass, rest;
Ere a long space thou shalt be blest;
Within my ardent grasp compress'd,
Ready for fight— Hurrah!

Sword—O, let me not too long await;
I love the gory field of fate,
Where death's rich roses grow elate,
In bloody bloom— Hurrah!

Korner—Come forth! quick, from the scabbard fly,
Thou pleasure of a soldier's eye,
Now to the scene of slaughter hie,
Thy native home— Hurrah!

Sword—O glorious! thus, in nuptial tie,
To join beneath Heaven's canopy,
Bright as a sunbeam of the sky,
Glitters your bride— Hurrah!

Korner—Then out, thou messenger of strife,
Thou, German soldier's plighted wife,
Who feels not renovated life,
When clasping thee? Hurrah!

When in thy scabbard on my side,
I seldom glanced on thee, my bride;
Now Heaven hath bid us ne'er divide,
Forever joined— Hurrah!

Thee glowing, to my lips I'll press,
And all my ardent vows confess,
Oh! cursed be he, without redress,
Who thee forsakes— Hurrah!

Let joy set in thy polished eyes;
While radiant sparkles flashing rise;
Our marriage day dawns in the skies,
My bride of steel— Hurrah!

THE LAST WORDS.

"Refresh me with the bright blue violet,
And put the pale faint-scented primrose near,
For I am breathing yet;
Shed not one silly tear;
But when mine eyes are set,
Scatter the fresh flowers thick upon my bier,
And let my early grave with morning dew be wet.
I have passed swiftly o'er the pleasant earth,
My life hath been the shadow of a dream;
The joyousness of mirth
Did ever with me seem;
My spirit hath no dearth,
But dwelt forever by a full swift stream,
Lapt in golden trance of never-failing mirth.
"Touch me once more, my father, ere my hand
Have not answer for thee;—kiss my cheek
Ere the blood fix and stand
Where flits the hectic streak;
Give me thy last command,
Before I lie all undisturbed and meek,
Wrapt in the snowy folds of funeral swathing band."

[From Chamber's Edinburgh Journal.]

DOMESTIC USURPATIONS.

In the most of well regulated families, the husband, of course, is the person of most consequence. A wife, to be sure, is a wife, especially if she be a lady. But still there is in general so much depended upon the industry of the husband, and so much influence does he possess, like the House of Commons, by his command of the purse, that, if he gets any thing like fair play, he cannot fail to be regarded with much deference by all the other members of the household. To his convenience, or, as he would represent it, to the convenience of his profession, every domestic matter must be accommodated. He has the unquestionable right of dictating the meal hours. Servants must rise early or late, as he may choose to ring them up. The children must walk softly past his business room, if he has one; and Mrs. Balderstone must wait his time, before she can get his company for a walk. If there be any thing better than another at table, it must be devoted to him. Women can live on any thing—in fact, are not dining creatures at all; and whenever Monsieur is from home for a day, it may be observed that Madame contents herself with the simplest trifle in the way of dinner, trusting solely to her evening cup of tea. But a *man body*, as the Scotch house-wives say, is an entirely different thing. He must have something substantial—something nourishing and comforting; not only because he deserves it after his toils for the general interest, but in order that he may be able to continue those toils. In short, the first and best of every thing must be surrendered to him—the arm-chair by the fire in winter, the whole sofa for a loll in summer. If he comes home with any thing like damp feet, the whole house must fly to his rescue, and every thing be kept in a stir-still till he has 'changed' them. If he take any little illness, the alarm and commotion are extreme—for he is comparatively seldom ill, and much depends on his health. While he lives at home, all goes on well, notwithstanding the great trouble which wife, and servants, and every body acknowledge he occasions. But if he be absent, the dullness and emptiness, the perfect stand-still of every thing, gives the house so hapless an aspect, that all of them would far rather that he were at home. In short, under ordinary circumstances, Mr. Balderstone is a troublesome, imperious, monopolizing, consequential, dear, delightful, indispensable person.

Masterful, however, as Monsieur may be in general, there is one contingency in married life which seldom fails to deprive him of his domestic sceptre. It is not that his wife rebels against his authority, or that his children rise, a fierce democracy, and attempt to chase him from his throne. The revolution is accomplished in an entirely different manner. Madame, in virtue of a critical species of illness, suddenly becomes invested with all that interest which had previously rested upon himself, together with ten times more, derived from the circumstances in which she is supposed to be placed; and all at once—in one hour, one little hour—he feels himself deposed from his high estate, as effectually as ever was Darius, King of the Persians. Yesterday, Monsieur was a man, a sovereign, a dictator; no one disputed his will or disobeyed his command; his very word was law; and there was nothing he wanted that was not sure to be at his elbow even before he had formed the wish. But to-day, what a sad change! The queen consort has suddenly become the queen-sovereign; and Mr. Balderstone, like another Peter III., is thrown aside, in order that she may reign in his stead. No one attends to him now. The servants, like ungrateful courtiers, have forsaken him, to pay homage to the usurper. He gets nothing that he wants; no one will take his order; and he dare not ring. By day he sneaks about the house like a condemned person, and at night he has to steal away with a paltry *dip*, stuck, without supporting paper, into an unclean candlestick, to hide his sorrows in some garret room, where a wretched third-rate bed has been prepared for him, as a favor of which he is hardly worthy. All the respect with which he was formerly regarded is now gone; he is not even allowed to be the Prince of Denmark. All interest, all reverence, all care and feeling, are concentrated upon Madame in the best bed room, and nothing remains for him but a grudged toleration of existence. Under such deplorable circumstances, he might, perhaps, have some consolation in the company of his elder children; but they, from the very commencement of the revolution, have been banished the house—cantoned out among aunts and cousins, at the rate of one to each, except in the case of Aunt Mary, a kind, worthy soul, who has been favored with the two youngest and the most troublesome. When he enters what he has been accustomed to consider his own house, the very errand girl, hired for a week only, will chide him for the noise he makes, and order him to take off his shoes. If he asks for his dinner, he is hustled into a side room half filled with lumber, all the better apartments being occupied with the pomp and circumstances of the usurpation; and there he has to wait in grim patience, till some one chooses to remember his wants, and after remembering, is pleased to think of relieving them. Almost every thing he does, every step he takes, and every word he utters, provokes some reproach from the powers that be; till he is at length fairly scolded and gloomed out of all spirit, and could almost wish that the day were blotted out of the calender when it was said that either a man-child or a woman-child, as the case may be, was born to him.

The usurpation, it may be well supposed, is more passive than active on the part of Madame. In all probability, however, she has constituted a regent in the shape of a mother, or a skilly neighbour, or some other female hypogriff, who is sure to sway the new authority with even a more uncompromising severity than could, under any circumstances, be expected from the original usurper. Awfully impressed with the importance of the occasion, this vice-queen moves solemnly but noiselessly through the house, taking care that every thing is disposed with a regard to the service and comfort of her constituent, and repressing, by the mere weight of her most tremendous countenance, the least rebellion of words, deeds, or things, against the one great cause. Monsieur, but yesterday perhaps, saw nothing in this lady but a kind relation or a good neighbour, and he might now be disposed to treat her accordingly. But in the brief space that has since elapsed, she has entirely changed her character. He now feels awed down by her presence, like some little boy before a right awful and deeply pinnered grandmother. Submittingly does he see every key surrendered into her hands, sees her assume unquestioned empire over the drawers and cupboards, and become sole dictatress of the bread and butter. It may be that there is occasional reason for blame; but that is of course out of the question. If he only can contrive now and then to get a meal or so, even although it should come to him with the wrong end foremost, he must consider himself well off. To get any think like a share of one's own goods under such circumstances, is a fair subject of self gratulation, as when the people of a besieged city, by some desperate sally, can manage to take in a few of their own beeves or flour-bags. If, besides the bare necessaries that are confusedly and unrespectfully thrust in upon him, he should obtain the least modicum of any favourite indulgence, he may consider himself most peculiarly fortunate—for it is a rigid rule of such provisional governments, that every thing of pleasant or good that the house can afford, is to be reserved for the lady, or, if not enjoyable by her, must at least be enjoyed by no other body, as if the enjoyments of others, while she was in her present condition, were privation to her, or, as it were, marks of a disregard for her distresses. As for getting hot water in the morning, or having his shoes brushed, or any other of those little services which in ordinary times are conceded to him as matters of course, he must take care never to dream of such things; for if he does, it will only be to awake to a painful sense of their utter unattainableness. Quite possibly, the powers below could serve him as usual without difficulty; but, secure from his anger, they deliberately refrain from doing so, and enjoy, for a couple of days, the delicious luxury of neglecting an habitual duty.

One of the most oppressive features in the system is its terrible silentness. Talk of quiet revolutions: there can be no revolution conducted with such quietness as this. From the first moment, when the knocker was tied and the bell gagged with a slip of white paper, there has reigned a silence only comparable to that of chaos. Every living being about the house seems to have suddenly become shod in velvet. In the sick-room itself all things are conducted by gestures, like an academy of the deaf and dumb. A mysterious quiet woman, whom you never saw before, but who has been brought in as nurse, points to one of a distant range of phials, and as the servant who is sent for it makes a near approach, or the reverse, to the minute object wanted, the directress of the proceeding contorts her body and countenance in a greater or less degree, till at length, the girl having hit the right thing, she sinks down into the tranquillity of approval, and mildly waves it forward. The doors have instinctively ceased to creak, the cat to mew, the flies to buzz. The utmost noise ever heard is the silken *swoff* of the vice-regent, as she glides along the passages.—Strange communings are sometimes observed to take place at the door, between your own servants and those of your friends, who are now sent with complimentary inquiries, but not a syllable is ever heard. A long recital will be given without even an aspirate. Warm flannel will be telegraphed from bed-room to kitchen by a noiseless toss of the arm. Molly will be chid for letting the fire get low, by a dart of the eye. If you should yourself make a *leetle*, a very *leetle* noise, the whole womankind of the establishment will pour upon you like a cataract of wild cats, but not a particle of noise all the time. You will be pommelled almost to death by a gesticulated scolding-match, and stabbed all over with daggers spoken thirty degrees below the zero of articulation.

Usurpations such as I have faintly attempted to describe, usually last about a week: great mercy they seldom occur oftener than once in a year, or they would form a truly grievous deduction from the happiness of life. It is curious to see how gradually, as Mrs. Balderstone gets better, and resigns the interest arising from her critical situation, Mr. B. shakes off the unwonted trammels in which he has been bound—shows a little less chicken-hearted under the authority of the Awful Woman, ventures to call one morning for hot water, and next day says something rather smart about the delay in producing his shoes—how, by slow and imperceptible degrees, he becomes re-invested with the respect to which he is entitled as head of the house, and is once more looked to by all and sundry as the important, money producing, indispensable person which he really is. At length he one day finds himself set down in his customary dining-room to something *like* a dinner, with even perhaps a consolatory something over and above his usual fare; and as he sips his first glass after the withdrawal of the cloth, he feels, with an exquisite gust of serene and self-flattering sensation, that—Richard's himself again!

—SUNDAY READING.—

A FEARFUL INTRODUCTION TO A SERMON.

There was a church—no matter where—that heaved up its arches and lengthened down its spacious aisles, for the accommodation of a large and wealthy audience. On a certain occasion, this church and the audience within it, presented one of the strangest and most fearful sights that ever met the human vision. It is related of one of the polar navigators, that he discovered a ship frozen up and embayed in the northern Artic ocean, with every soul on board frozen stiff at their various employments, in all the attitudes of seeming life.—Years had rolled away since the frost of death had congealed the blood in their veins, yet no decay had passed either upon their features or their forms. It was, in fact, an ancient ship's company, preserved in ice, awaiting the judgment. Such, in many particulars, was the scene presented by the audience in the church to which we allude.

Long ranks of well-dressed women and well dressed men were to be seen—still, hushed, immoveable. The plumes in their bonnets waved with the gentle zephyr; the glitter of rich apparel lent new radiance to the sun-beams that stole in at the lofty windows—yet there was an appalling hush in the great congregation. Not an eye rolled in their sockets; not a hand moved; not a heart beat there; not a sigh or a groan, or a tear or a smile gave evidence of human feeling, joy or agony.—Raised in the pulpit, the minister stood leaning in attitude of speech, as if he had a message of solemnity and power upon his tongue. His hand was lifted in sublime appeal to heaven; but, lo! there was no utterance: his eyes too were *glazed*. It was an unburied congregation, with its unburied minister. Passionless, deep and unbroken, were the slumbers that had fallen like a curtain of lead upon the hearts of all within the walls and dome of that sepulchral church. Pale expectants of judgment, they seemed to be, frozen up in their sins and in their virtues. More terrible were they than unsheeted ghosts, because soul and body both were revealed in the dread apparition. The storms of time seemed to be forever over; a hand, fearful as that which wrote upon the monarch's wall, had affixed the seal of deep and utter silence upon that once living mass of humanity.

Was this a natural or a moral view? It was a moral prospect. It was a congregation "dead in trespasses and sins." The spirit of God lent no efficiency to the means of grace. Dead was the pastor, and chill as "Borneo's cliff" the people.—*Mississippi Christian Herald.*

Death-Bed Repentance.—It has been my lot to witness the agonies of many a bed of death; but I have never witnessed one, where repentance has been delayed to the last hour, upon which the faintest ray of hope has beamed. There has been confidence—there has been self-righteousness—there have been ejaculations, and entreaties, and prayers—there has been an apparent trust in Christ, and sometimes even a desire to partake of his Sacrament—but notwithstanding all these appearances, there has never been that calm, well-grounded, spiritual consolation, by which alone in that hour the true christian can be distinguished. God forbid, that I should speak of these things, with any other view than to warn you my christian friends of the terrible danger of deferring your repentance for a single moment. Believe me, and it is from mournful experience that I speak—believe me, that a repentance begun in the hour of death, is of all human calculations the most hopeless and unsafe. It is relying upon a broken reed. It is trusting to the frailest thread. It is speaking peace to the soul when there is no peace.

A Thought.—There is a mysterious feeling that frequently passes like a cloud over the spirits. It comes upon the soul in the busy bustle of life, in the social circle, and in the calm and silent retreats of solitude. Its powers are alike supreme over the weak and iron hearted. At one time it is caused by the flitting of a single thought across the mind; again the sound will come booming across the ocean of memory gloomy and solemn as a death knell, overshadowing all the bright hopes and sunny feelings of the heart. Who can describe it, and yet who has not felt its bewildering influence? Still it is a delicious sort of sorrow; and like a cloud dimming the sunshine of a river, although causing a momentary shade of gloom, it enhances the beauty of returning brightness. It is in moments like these that the pious mind rises from the sordid interests of this sublunary world and ascends to full communion with its maker. The past will flit across the memory, mournful and sweet, like the low and lingering tones of distant music; the present, like the rush of the mighty winds yet noiseless as the slumber of an unawakened echo; and the future spreads the soft and downy pillow of the tomb, when the spirit is to leave its tenement of clay and enter the portals that open to the felicity of an eternal immortality.

BLINDNESS.

BY BARRY CORNWALL.

Blind!—Blind!—shut out from men!
Prisoned from light in a starless den!
I strain, but I cannot see thee, love!
I look below—I look above;
I dare the broad, bright, dazzling sun,
The glittering waves as they leap and run,
The shining cliffs, the burning shore;
But all is night—
Endless night—
For ever, and ever, and evermore!

What are the skies and its suns to me?
What is the mighty, mighty sea?
The rushing rivers—the solid land?
The blooming heather whereon we stand,
And strive on the wondrous world to look?
All is now but a sealed book!
I struggle, I pray, I turn it o'er;
But all is night—
Endless night—
For ever, and ever, and evermore!

God! Am I alone in this world of wo?
Left—lost—forsaken!—ah, no!—ah no!
There is one beside who will ne'er forget;
I see thee not, but I *feel* thee yet—
The truest heart and the firmest mind,
That ever kept watch by the helpless blind!
Thy hand unlocketh a heaven-bright door!
And the ghastly night
Now dieth in light,
For ever, and ever, and evermore!

We two will wander away—away—
Where nothing is known but one divine day;
Nothing of darkness—human strife,
Peril, or grief, or the pain of life;
But all like our dreams of the stars above—
(And thou wilt be ever beside me love!)
Come on, sweet bride of the blind we'll soar
Beyond the night,
Into endless light,
For ever, and ever, and evermore!

Saturday Evening Post.

DECEMBER 10, 1836.

MESSAGE

FROM THE

PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.

To both the Houses of Congress, at the commencement of the Second Session of the Twenty-Fourth Congress, December 6, 1836.

Fellow-Citizens of the Senate

and House of Representatives:

Add ressing you at the commencement of your present session, I feel it my duty to the Congress of the United States, in its a pacity of the in st immediate representatives of the people, to congratulate them on the high state of prosperity which our beloved country has attained, with an earnest desire to devote it elevated to the consideration with which we look to the future for continuing proofs of the capacity of our free institutions to confer all the fruits of good Government, the general condition of our affairs may well excite our national pride.

I cannot avoid congratulating you and my country, particularly, on the success of the efforts made during my administration for the liquidation of the national debt, in conformity with the sincere, constant and earnest desire of the people, to secure the blessings of that exalted moral relation—a state of foreign powers. Our gratitude is due to the Supreme Ruler of the Universe, that I come you to assist with me in offering to Him fervent supplications, that his providential care may ever be extended to those who follow us, enabling them to avoid the dangers of the horrors of war, unconnected with a just and indispensable regard to the rights and honour of our country, which, although the greatest of human calamities, stanling, without imputation of crime, as they did when you separated us from the last, is liberating to the extreme, but the most to say, that many instances of an increasing character at issue with other powers are pending, and that amongst the most prominent of these is that of our Northeastern boundary. We have ample reason to expect that the unceasing efforts of his Britannic Majesty's government to adjust that question, I am not part in possession of the precise grounds upon which it proposes to settle the very subject.

With France our diplomatic relations have been friendly, and cultivated in a manner which must give the assurance of both Governments to preserve a sure, and we trust permanent peace. The claims of our citizens for wrongs which are so strongly required by the true interests of the two countries. With Russia, Austria, Prussia, Naples, Sweden, and Denmark, the best understanding exists, and our commercial intercourse is gradually extending itself with them. It is earnestly hoped that these governments will find it their interest to the advantageous and liberal treaty stipulations with us.

The claims of our citizens on Portugal are admitted to be just, but provision for the payment of them has not been unnecessarily delayed by hitherto unsuccessful changes in that kingdom.

The friendly peace have not been secured by Spain. Our commissioners with that country are on the spot, and have unnecessarily delayed by hitherto unsuccessful upon our commerce with her possessions out of Europe.

The claims of American citizens for losses sustained by the nonfulfilment of Antwerp have been presented to the governments of Holland and Belgium, and will be pressed, in due season, to satisfaction.

With Brazil, and all our neighbours of this continent, we continue to maintain relations of amity and accord, extending our commerce with them as far as the interests of the people and the means of their enjoyment will permit. The just and long standing claims of our citizens upon some of those States are sources of dissatisfaction and complaint. No danger is apprehended, however, that they will not be redressed in a manner satisfactory, acknowledged and paid by the respective governments, rather than resort be made to the strong arm of force. Texas should unfortunately annex herself to another nation, Mexico, an exception.

It is deeply known to you, by the correspondence between the two Governments, communicated at your last session, that our conduct in relation to that struggle is regulated by the same principles that governed the illustrious Washington and Mason himself, and, I trust, that it will be found, on the most severe scrutiny, that acts have strictly conformed with our professions. That the inhabitants of the United States should take active measures for aiding in the contest is not surprising. But the circumstance should, in itself, create a great caution, but it lead to the great error of subjecting public policy to be regulated by sympathy or prejudice, and there are considerations connected with the possible result of the contest between the two parties, of the most delicate and importance to the United States, that our character and policy that we should evince neutrality, and our silence to control them. The known desire of the Texians to become a part of our system, although it is gratifying to the people upon the reconcilement of various and conflicting interests, necessarily a work of time, and must depend, in itself, on causes which impose our conduct to misconstruction at the eyes of the world. These are already but too manifest to preclude the candour, and prone to suspect the want of it in motives which are founded upon error or selfish policy.

You will perceive, by the accompanying documents, that the extraordinary measure from Mexico has been no cause, in the opinion of this Government, to change of the Government to itself and to Mexico, under treaty stipulations, have compelled me to call on the military authority to a look officer of the corps, to advance a military force upon the Sabine. It was necessary to preserve our own or the neighbouring territory from the scenes of disorder and violence. The opinion of the Mexican functionary who has just left us, the honor of the country will be preserved. The American soldiers entering, with the most amicable avowed intentions, and with the most friendly feelings for the Mexican Government have been expelled, and over which their rights present no security of a serious character, or in part being made to re-attach its dominion.

The departure of the Minister was the more singular, as he was apprised that the sufficiency of the causes assigned for the advance of our troops by the commanding officer would be examined by the authorities at home, and that there was every reason to suppose that the troops of the U. States—their commander having been sent to ascertain the truth or falsehood of the information which they had been received—would be found regulations—would be collect there in perfect accordance with the instructions issued by the War Department, in conference with the Secretary of State, by the Mexican Minister, a treaty evidently in the interests and convenience of the impressive warrants their commander in the assumption of the powers of the War. It is hoped and believed that his Government will take a similar disinterested and liberal view of the subject, and not be disposed to construe a measure of justification and precaution into a cause for war, unless, by rejection of the stipulations of our treaty to act upon the frontier, we are reduced to the alternative of a state upon a lower.

In the internal improvement accomplishes of invigorate, trade on behalf of our citizens, are disregarded, and new causes of dissatisfaction are created between the two countries, which the most prompt reparation, and ample and immediate redress. I trust, however, that the sincere friendship with each other, and the strong interest which both have in preserving the relations of peace and amity between them, will induce them to remove all causes of misunderstanding, and that they will not permit any hasty act of those employed in the service of either to disturb the harmony existing between the two governments.

Considering the intimate connection of the subject with the financial interests of the country, I deem it proper to present to your consideration the manner in which the revenue which has been, and will be, received from the sales of the public lands, has been applied to the objects to which it is appropriated by the constitution. The power of Congress to raise money from the sales of the public lands, and the appropriation of the money when raised, are derived from that provision of the constitution which authorizes Congress to dispose of and make all needful rules and regulations respecting the territory or other property belonging to the United States. Under this authority grants have been made to the several States within which public lands lie, for the purpose of making roads and canals, and improving the navigation of streams, and these grants have been productive of the most beneficial results to the new States, and to the whole country. Grants for similar purposes have also been made to the States when they were admitted into the Union, and large appropriations have been made for the construction of roads and canals in the Territories, and for improvements in the navigation of our rivers and harbours. The right to make these grants and appropriations has never been denied or questioned, but the manner in which the money arising from the sales of the public lands should be disposed of, after the payment of the national debt, has been a subject of much difficulty. Three modes of disposing of it have been suggested. First, to permit the States in which the lands lie to tax them for their own use, subject only to such restrictions as Congress may think proper to impose. Second, to apportion the money among the several States according to ratio established for the apportionment of representatives. Third, to dispose of it to the General Government, as the public revenue arising from imposts is disposed of. The first mode of disposition would, in my opinion, be unjust to the other States, inasmuch as the lands within their limits are the property of the United States, and were purchased with the funds of the whole community. The second mode would be liable to the objection that it would add to the inequality with which the benefits resulting from the sales of the public lands are distributed among the States, and would, moreover, be inconvenient in practice. The third mode would obviate the objections to the other two, and is recommended to your favourable consideration.

The condition of the Treasury, unemployed in any way, is unprincipled. It is, in fact, against the general interest of the people that it should be in the hands of the Government, as it withdraws from circulation a portion of the currency proportionate to the amount in the hands of a standing army, would be utterly inadequate to the ordinary purposes of business. The collection of revenue, therefore, should be so regulated as to keep in the Treasury as little money as possible for short periods. Upon the best consideration which I have been able to give to the subject, it appears to me that the most safe, just, and equal mode of effecting this object would be to reduce the revenue to the wants of the Government, by gradually diminishing the duties upon the articles which produce it, so as to meet the real wants of the Government. Fluctuations in the revenue may sometimes render it necessary to vary the rate of duties on particular articles, but general principles should be steadily kept in view. The present state of the Treasury is in some respects embarrassing, but the embarrassment is attributable to the fact that the revenue, which was collected in the years 1835 and 1836, was unexpectedly large, and not to any permanent cause. The payments into the Treasury during the present year, will amount to about $47,000,000, and the payments out, during the same period, to about $43,000,000; those from lands to about $24,000,000, and those from customs to about $18,000,000. The expenditures for all objects during the year, are estimated to exceed $43,000,000, which will leave a balance to the Treasury for public purposes, on the 1st day of January next, of $47,787,712 53. This sum, with the exception of five millions, will be transferred to the several States, in accordance with the provisions of the act regulating the deposites of the public money.

The unexpended balances of appropriations, on the 1st day of January next, are estimated at $24,000,000, including $10,000,000, the amount which will be due to the States on that day, under the act to which I have referred. Treasurer of the United States, after the contemplated transfers to the several States are made. This estimate, however, is a remote should not be sufficient to meet those outstanding and future appropriations, which may be required to be made before the next receipts can be obtained from the States.

The commercial embarrassment, which the present and of the last session treated a reluctant approval, have been unfortunately realized. Though not to any considerable extent by the failure of the public moneys of the United States in the Treasury but with the deposites of the public money, it can not be wanted for the service of the General Government, it has been extensively applied to as an aid to get the money to the several states, and they have been called into use by a single, sudden, and the means of refunding it when called for. Such a suggestion of the obligation of the deposites, and a suggestion of the obligation of the deposites, and that, as it now stands, the States have no more authority to receive and use those deposites, without intending to return them, than any deposite banks, or any individual temporarily employed with the safe keeping or application of the public money, would now have for converting the same to their private use, without the consent and against the will of the Government. If, independently of the violation of public faith and moral obligation which are involved in the transaction, when examined in reference to the terms of the present deposite act, it is believed that the considerations before mentioned point the future legislation of Congress on this subject, will be found sufficient to warrant the adoption of measures recognising the principles on which the suggestions have been made.

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...KINSON'S SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA.

Saturday, December 10, 1836.

We have received a number of new publications this week, the notice of which have been unavoidably delayed to our next number.

The Fairy Book.—This is one of the prettiest Christmas presents for children that has ever been issued from the press. It is handsomely bound and illustrated, and the contents are of the most select character on examination. The work is embellished with 41 wood cuts, by Adams, which have never been surpassed in beauty of execution and truth of design. We recommend the volume to every one who may wish to gratify the "little responsibilities" with a handsome and attractive present.

The American Orator's Book—Is the title of a small volume now lying on our table. It contains a variety of interesting pieces, from the best modern authors, with ample instructions to the reader in regard to recreation and delivery. It is embellished with two well executed portraits by Welsh. A. Kay, Jr. & Brother.

The History of the Late War.—The value of this work has been amply tested by the six successive editions through which it has passed. It is now over embellished by some ten or twelve portraits of distinguished characters, which look as much like the originals as can well be imagined. Kay & Brother.

We have been favored with a copy of a discourse on the services rendered by the Bible Association in the United States, delivered on the 24th October, before the William Penn Society, by Jno. R. Tyson, Esq.

We are indebted to Mr. Perkins for the perusal of an unpublished historical and biographical work, entitled the "Priors of Pragus," "Pisa and Patricians," another novel, from the same publisher, has little to recommend it, being a weak and unnatural production of the ordinary circulating libraries. The London periodicals speak more favorably of its merits, than in our opinion it deserves.

A other edition of "Dick on Confectionery," has lately been published by Mr. B. Riddle, and for sale at the store of Desilver, Thomas & Co. It will be remembered that we noticed this work in terms of high commendation at the time of its appearance, some weeks since. We are gratified to perceive that the increasing demand for this work has rendered its republication indispensable.

A Plea for Voluntary Societies, and a Defence of the Decisions of the General Assembly of ——, &c.—The reader will perceive by the title that this work is a polemic production, on measures, differences, and events, which threaten a division of the Presbyterian church. Of course we shall not enter upon its merits. The writer is of the "New School" faith. The book commends itself to those only who feel an interest in the controversy already alluded to.

THE DEAF MUTE.

We have invited a few days since to visit the cell of M. Salomi, an Italian artist of some fame, at present residing on our city. A short hour was whiled away very agreeably in contemplating a number of historical paintings various degrees of excellence, with which room was filled. We believe, (although we are not connoisseur in the art) that they are chiefly copies from the elder masters, with the exception of one or two original pieces. This is as it may, the artist has certainly formed a interesting collection, and we regretted the limited time ourselves would not permit us to longer more, than a proper attention to the various historical associations, which the whole interest of the pencil had conjured up in our mind.

The chief d'ouvre of the collection however is the portrait of a little girl, apparently about the tender years of age, represented in the attitude of arranging her clustering ringlets, in a mirror. The expression of beauty, intelligence and innocence, which are the charms of this little creature, we have never seen equaled. It is truly negative. And yet this is the portrait, represented to us by the artist, which, in reality is incredible as it may seem, the most innocent countenance that we have ever beheld, and which in the midst of its outward means of grace are forever denied.

The arrangement of the picture is chaste and simple. A basket of wild roses is placed beside the child, and the mirror in which she is viewing herself emblematic allusion—is wreathed with the arbutus, which together with a perfect view of the genius, divine the Indian girl. Had we not been aware of the fact, we could have imagined that the artist had sketched the figure of a youthful offspring of Pocahontas. The picture however was painted for the desire of the parents of the child, a wealthy respectable family, now resident in the city.

Lost your Mechanics.—There is scarcely any thing says the Knickerbocker, which pertains to the improvement of a town, than handsome buildings supported to mechanics description. Population is measured by the prosperity of any country: and the population of an honest and industrious class. Mr. Mechanic, your country wants you. Scarcely any place has risen to importance, even if possessed of the commercial advantages, without the aid and the encouragement of the mechanic arts. Though the expectation of merchandize is the leading feature of such a place, the arts of mechanics are the life and soul of commerce, and are indispensable to render it prosperous. Without an outward means of importance are forever denied.

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Something New.—Last week as some of the workmen employed at the Fair Hill Factory were about to commence their labours for the day, they discovered under the floor, and within the enclosure, a huge wild *panther*, who had retreated to grim repose, among the branches, and had passed the night in security for the workmen, for the most of them, wisely kept aloof.—the animal appeared to be in a state of torpor, and directly at them out of the noxious corners of the premises, and were subsequently killed by Mr. Albert. Mr. JAMES T. Cox, however, the worthy host of the Fair Hill Hotel, accidentally passing that way, made a noose of rope, and very adroitly flung over the neck of the ravenous beast, that stood ready to spring upon him, and brought him to the ground. He was removed with considerable difficulty to the Fair Hill Hotel, and notly taken lodging at the *Lebanon*, where he is now to be seen.—*Phil. Gaz.*

Hon. George L. Kinnard.—It is with pain we announce that Hon. GEORGE L. KINNARD is dead. He was so badly scalded a few days ago, on board the steamboat Helen Mar, that he died in the dwelling of Gen. Lytle, on Saturday the 3d inst., and was buried with distinguished marks of respect.

His remains were escorted to the grave by the elegant equipage and attendants of Captain Bowman and Richards, as well as a large concourse of citizens and strangers, who had met and assembled upon such occasion.

Mr. KINNARD was about 35 years, and was a highly respectable member of Congress, from Kentucky.

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CUSTOM HOUSE.

We are much in want of a new custom house in our city. The present building is badly situated, small, and inconvenient. It can only be approached from one direction, and only by one dray at a time. The apartments are so small and so badly ventilated as to be thought to be unfavourable to health. It is impossible indeed, that the small, circumscribed out of the way little building, should be adequate to the dignity or fancy of our commerce, and the emptiness of the national purse, been made to answer the purpose of a custom house. It ought no longer continue to be occupied as such. Appropriations have been liberally made for the erection of large and commodious custom houses at Boston, New York, New Orleans, and at almost every other point where the national revenue is collected. Why should Philadelphia be longer neglected? Not for the reason, certainly, that she has been any considerable appropriations for other purposes at this point? But without reference to any claims on this score, we are satisfied that the erection of a new custom house is actually and imperiously required for the facilities of business, the accommodation of our merchants, and the collection of the revenue.

We are also in want of a building for the Circuit and District courts of the United States, for this district. Strange as it may appear, we have no place for the jury to retire, and have no room for the supreme judges residing here, and one or the other of the above national courts are in session almost the whole year. The government has heretofore depended upon renting a court room as well as the Clerk's and Marshall's offices, grand jury room, &c. The courts are but badly accommodated, and the interests of justice retarding our State courts in occupying the building they at present do.

It has been supposed that the custom house and court rooms might be connected. A building erected on the site of the old coffee house, with one front on Second street, and another on, Dock street, three stories high, and running down to Walnut st. would very well accommodate both objects, and a fine building at such a location would be an ornament to the city. The ground is at this point our citizens have most unfortunately displayed their liberality and taste in the erection of the buildings for the Bank of Pennsylvania, the Girard Bank and the new Merchant's Exchange being located in this immediate vicinity; all of them constructed of marble and with beautiful exteriors. Another building, to complete the group, would be complete when the government shall have its custom house erected. We sincerely hope an appropriation will be made at the present, if it should not be less than $300,000, and this we believe is less than a moiety of the amount having in contemplation for the building in New York. We hope to see our citizens making as earnest and united move in the matter.

THE ELECTIONS.

There is an unusual, and we should think unnecessary delay in the returns of votes in some of the counties of this state, especially in Illinois we have nothing as yet to determine what has been the result of the contest in that State. The vote had been conceded to Van Buren, but the partial returns encourage the opinion that it may have gone for Harrison.—The vote in Kentucky, which ever way it went, is of no consequence, save as far as received favorable to the success of the opposition ticket. From Louisiana the returns are not full, but so far as received, they indicate a gain for Judge White. The danger here little child, which was standing at a short distance from her door, looking at the movements of the workmen.

A Quebec Pig.—A pig measuring only four feet from the nose to the tail, is uncut, and weighing 875 lbs., was killed by Mr. Ruthman, butcher, on Saturday night. It was fed by Mr. Bailey of Beaumont Mills. Two other pugs of the same breed, each weighing nearly 800 lbs. were killed by Mr. Ruthman at the same time.

The Elizabethtown Journal contains a notice of the application for a new Elizabethtown Manufacturing Co. with $50,000 capital.

Mr. Hoyt, Jamaica, aged 24, was found dead in the road at Northfield, Conn., a few days since, supposed to have been thrown out of his one horse sleigh, which was in the road near the spot.

The annual expense of bread stuffs for support of the people of the United States, may be set down, in round numbers, at two hundred millions of dollars.

The fire individuals taken up for robbing the mail of the Bristol line and keen liberated on bail, to appear and answer.

By a decree of the last Supreme Court of Massachusetts, Mrs. Ann Bigelow, of Boston South, Jr. of Boston has been divorced from him. It is believed, we are told, that the suit having been the applicant for the separation, but the lady is at liberty to make another choice.

Two persons were killed in an attempt made by Miss *Penelope* Smyth to persuade the Legislature of Georgia to throw the town of Macon.

Silk in Texas.—The Nachitoches Gazette says—We have seen a specimen of silk in the possession of a friend, made in Texas the present season by the wife of Col. John Thomas, residing in Shelby county. The article is fine quality as any ever brought to market.

Explosion.—The steamboat Vincennes, in descending the Alabama river, recently, when near Claiborne, was discovered to be nearly full of water. On her pumps being set on, it was found that a snag had entered very high up, and on lifting her, by throwing over bales of cotton, the leak was stopped, and she proceeded on her way.

We learn by the Freehold N. J. Inquirer, that on the 9th Dec. and following days there will be sold at the late residence of the late Hon. Jonathan Dayton, deceased, in Elizabethtown, all the valuable household furniture, plate, &c. of the late Hon. Jonathan Dayton, deceased, in Elizabethtown, all the valuable household furniture, plate, &c.

Fire.—About two o'clock this morning a fire broke out in a wooden building at the corner of Columbia and Hamilton streets, occupied as a wheelright's shop, by Eber Townsend. It was entirely consumed together with a brick house adjoining, tenanted as a blacksmith's shop by the same person. The premises are supposed to have been negligently fired.

Another.—At half-past ten o'clock, a fire broke out in the store of Michael Hagner, No. 169 Franklin street, and destroyed the interior of that and the two buildings. They were all two story houses with brick fronts. We learn that it originated from the burning of a chimney.—*N. Y. Com. Adv.*

NEW-ORLEANS.

NEW-ORLEANS, Nov. 19, 1836.

Business continues steadily to improve; most seasonably at this time long now for fair demand. Out-door transactions were featured all the week by very unusual weather, until last evening, when it clouded up and commenced to rain. The Mississippi is 11 feet below high water mark. The crop of sugar is coming in very freely.

Cotton.—Arrived since the 11th inst. of Louisiana and Mississippi 54,903 bales. Tennessee and North Alabama 2,733, Arkansas 279, Texas 1,000—total 58,270 bales. Cleared for Liverpool 5331 bales, Havre 3,040, Bremen 1,000, New-York 364, Baltimore 161, together, 11,396 bales, leaving on hand, inclusive of all on the Levee, 248,874 bales. Of the 11th inst. a stock of 81,264 bales.

CHARLESTON, Nov. 26.

LATE FROM FLORIDA.

Defeat of the Seminoles.

We had two arrivals from Jacksonville, (E. F.) last evening, and have from passengers the gratifying intelligence that an express, which reached Searcy Ferry on Monday week, brought the very joyful intelligence that Gen. Wilson Seminoles, numbering about 1500 warriors, and the former were enforcing the first engagement took place on the 19th ult. in which 29 Indians were killed, while the loss of the white was 5 killed and 42 wounded. The last fight is said to have occurred on Saturday afternoon week; the loss on either side not ascertained. The regulars and volunteers behaved nobly, and the former got the lick, having taken another route.

From an old negro, taken prisoner, it was ascertained that not more than half the Indians in the country had joined the standard of any other course—and that they were short of ammunition, and could not hold out long. Several negroes had come in.

From the Metropolitan.

The jail in Pendleton, South Carolina, has not yet an end to the career of a most infamous scamp, who, under the guise of a fashionable surgeon dentist, and professor of religion, has for some months past been committing many of the innocent girls he could persuade, and where selling ever would have effected his purpose by marriage. The peculiar atrocity of his case is, that he has not long ago forsaken his wife and her loveliest ornaments for his victims. The story of his villainy, as given in the Pendleton Messenger, is too long for insertion here. It appears that under the name of Dr. Allen Brainerd, he sought and obtained the confidence of one of the last age, SALLY, daughter of John Large.

Mr. Large resides in Pendleton county, MARY HOSKINS, aged 72, native of Ireland.

ELIZABETH MCMAKER, in the 69th year of her age.

On the 3d inst. Mrs. ANN ELLIOT, of a lingering illness, in the 70th year of her age.

On the 2d inst. Mrs. ELIZABETH MARSHALL, aged 72 years.

On the 2d inst. SARAH ANN, eldest daughter of Thomas and Mary Brown, in the 20th year of her age.

On Saturday morning, 3d inst. GEORGE WASHINGTON, son of Thomas and Mary Ann Ogle, aged 7 years and 11 days.

On Saturday afternoon, 3d inst. in the 20th year of her age, SALLY, daughter of John Large.

On the 3d inst. Mrs. ANN MCCLURE, in the 70th year of her age.

On Friday morning, 2d inst. after a short illness, Mrs. ELIZABETH MCCLURE, wife of Mr. Thomas Clarke.

On the 2d inst. of consumption, Mrs. SARAH ANN ROMBLE, in the 37th year of her age.

On Thursday morning, 1st inst. Mrs. CHRISTIAN MCSHAKER, in the 69th year of her age.

On Thursday morning, 1st inst. after a short illness, EL. W. STOCKTON, Esq. of the U. S. Navy, in the 39th year of his age. The deceased was a gentleman and dear friends have to deplore the loss of an affectionate husband, a kind and indulgent parent, and a most accomplished officer.

On the 1st

Posthumous papers of the Pickwick Club.

THE RETURN HOME.

AFTER THE CRICKET DINNER.

Eleven; twelve; one o'clock and past, and the gentlemen had not arrived. Consternation sat on every face. Could they have been waylaid and robbed? Or could they have met with misfortune in every direction by which they could suppose likely to happen to those four gentlemen? Hark! there they were. What could have caused such a noise? A watering cart? To whom could it belong? They rushed into the kitchen whither the truants had repaired, and were obtaining a view more than a glimmering of the real state of the case.

Mr. Pickwick, with his hands in his pockets and his hat cocked completely over his left eye, was leaning against the dresser, shaking his head from side to side, and producing a constant accompaniment of the loudest and most boisterous description without being aware that by any discernable cause or pretence whatever; and Mr. Wardle, with a highly-inflamed countenance, was grasping the hand of a stranger, and testifying the most protestations of eternal friendship. Mr. Winkle, supporting himself by the eight-day clock, was fondly resting destruction upon the head of any member of the family who should suggest the propriety of his going home the night; and Mr. Snodgrass had sunk into a chair, with an expression of the most abject and heart-broken woe that the human mind can imagine, portrayed in every lineament of his countenance.

"Is anything the matter?" inquired the three ladies.

"Nothin' the matter," replied Mr. Pickwick. "We—we're—all right. I say, Wardle, we're all right and it's not?"

"I should think so," replied the jolly host.—"Mr. Magnus, my dear fellow, where's Mr. Pickwick's friend, Mr. Jingle, come pon—lie de vat."

"Is anything the matter with Mr. Snodgrass sir?" inquired Emily with great anxiety.

Mr. Snodgrass, however, replied the stranger. "Cricket dinner—glorious party—capital—capital—port—claret—good—wine, Ma'am, wine."

"It wasn't the wine," murmured Mr. Snodgrass, in a broken voice. "It was the salmon. Somehow or other, it never is the wine in these cases."

"Hadn't they better go to bed, Ma'am" inquired Emma. "I'm afraid the horse will carry the gentlemen up stairs."

"I won't go to bed," said Mr. Winkle, firmly.

"No living boy shall carry me," said Mr. Pickwick; and with a view of smiling as before, he endeavored to smile, but he only succeeded in producing a hero's rending pieces.

Officers of his personal staff went on ship board, out in his cage. He viewed his prey for a few seconds, felt it with his tongue, and, after drawing his head, darted at the throat. But the lion, possessed of greater skill or better fortune, received the monster on his horns. The serpent remained for a few seconds writhing in more deadly certainty. He seized the coat by the legs, pulled it violently down, and twisted himself with astonishing rapidity round the body, throwing his principal weight upon the neck.—The lion roared with pain; but the serpent was not to be disengaged without a large dimensions, though of the very largest. A living goat was placed out in his cage. He viewed his prey for a few seconds, felt it with his tongue, and, after drawing his head, darted at the throat. But the lion, possessed of greater skill or better fortune, received the monster on his horns. The serpent remained for a few seconds writhing in more deadly certainty. He seized the goat by the legs, pulled it violently down, and twisted himself with astonishing rapidity round the body, throwing his principal weight upon the neck.—The goat evidently considered that he would not even struggle for escape. For some minutes after his victim had ceased to live, he did not change his posture. At length he gradually slackened his grasp, and having evidently disengaged himself, he prepared to swallow the lifeless body. Feeling it about with his mouth, he began to devour it at the shoulders, and by the horns, which were four inches in length, rendered the grasping of the head a difficult task. In about two hours the whole body had disappeared. The consciousness of the extraordinary exertion the appearance of the serpent was hideous; he seemed to be suffering strangulation. A large crop, and a belt of fat round the body, and the horns appeared ready to protrude through the monster's scales. This gave to the countenance of the lion a most disagreeable expression. The serpent remained in the lion's stomach for several days, and notwithstanding could rouse him from his torpor.

ECONOMY IN EXPENDITURE.—The following remarks of Mr. Hall may be found to be often reflected upon by those inhabitants of our towns and cities who are straining every nerve to make money, and who are sometimes, in the eagerness for the sake of money to lavish on the pitiful vanity of display. These reflections are to the traveller on his passage in a steamboat from Liverpool to London.

I observed that a considerable number of passengers carried a comfortable picnic box or basket, containing provisions for the journey. This none, doubtless this provision proceeded from a desire to avoid, in the common fare of a steamboat, the imposition which they conceived would be found in the common fare of a steamboat, the imposition which they conceived would be found in the common fare of a steamboat, which presents a marked difference between the conduct of people of liberal education and mean the habit of economy.

In this instance the habit evidenced economy. In it is the feeling which would forbid among us such a practice as that referred to, and not only this, a great proportion of persons and better parts of England, economy stands out prominently in connection with the expenditure of time. Time is greatly professed, and learn no reproach, even in the midst of a vast city. Certain indulgence, that he cannot afford it. A gentleman says to you, 'I drive a pony chaise this year; I keep two cows this year; I have a garden.' You cannot pay the tax. A man whose income is not more than £100 a year, will have a country seat and a carriage for his family. The consequence is, that he is obliged to live in a miserable house in a paltry street, and to be attended by a man-servant, and one maid-servant, who are not more than sufficient for the care of the horse and carriage. Instead of the elegant and commodious dwelling, with the retinue of servants, which his income would allow him to support, he is obliged to live in a miserable house in a paltry street, and to be attended by a man-servant, and one maid-servant, who are not more than sufficient for the care of the horse and carriage. Instead of the elegant and commodious dwelling, with the retinue of servants, which his income would allow him to support, he is obliged to live in a miserable house in a paltry street, and to be attended by a man-servant, and one maid-servant, who are not more than sufficient for the care of the horse and carriage.

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It recommended as decidedly superior to any other remedy in the treatment of Medicine, Or Coughs, Colds, Influenza, Consumption, Asthma, Spitting of Blood, Difficult Breathing, Croup, Hoarseness, Whooping Cough, Bronchitis of the throat, and all diseases of the Pulmonary Organs.

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Prepared by Dr. D. Jayne, of Salem, N. J. and sold in Philadelphia by the proprietor at the label on the outside of the bottle.

CERTIFICATES.

From the Rev. C. C. P. Crosby, late of Hamilton, Madison co. N. Y.

New York, June 13, 1838.

Dear Sir:—I have made use of the Indian Expectorant, and have found it to be all you represented it. Indeed I may consider me among the number of those who have been restored to health and good enjoyment of life, by using your valuable medicine. I may say almost as much in the case of my wife, and also of the Rev. Mr. Tuyon of the Island of Jamaica. For all cases of Cough, Influenza and Pain in the Breast, I do most unhesitatingly recommend this as the best medicine I have ever tried. Yours respectfully, C. C. P. CROSBY.

Extract of a letter from the Rev. Mr. Tuyon, dated at Kingston, Jamaica, Nov. 1, 1838.

"I have been troubled with a severe cough, which I could get little relief from the prescriptions of the physicians, until I was induced to try your Expectorant. I have used it, and one bottle has done more for me than all the medicines I have ever taken. I am now entirely free from my cough, and my health is restored. I have also given it to my wife, who was troubled with a severe cough, which it has entirely relieved. I have also given it to my children, and it has done them good. I consider it the best medicine I have ever used for coughs, colds, &c